How anſwer you that?

Snout. Berlaken, a parlous feare.

Star. I beleeue we muſt leaue the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I haue a deuice to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue ſeeme to ſay, wee will do no harme with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is not kild indeed: and for the more better aſſurance, tell them that I *Piramus* am not *Piramus*, but *Bottome* the Weauer; this will put them out of feare.

Quin. Well, we will haue ſuch a Prologue, and it ſhall be written in eight and ſixe.

Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight & eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afeard of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelfe, to bring in (God ſhield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a moſt dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde fowle then your Lyon liuing: and we ought to looke to it.

Snout. Therefore another Prologue muſt tell he is not a Lyon.

Bot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and halfe his face muſt be ſeene through the Lyons necke, and hee himſelfe muſt ſpeake through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame deffect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hether as a Lyon, it were pitty of my life. No, *I* am no ſuch thing, *I* am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug* the ioyner.

Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Piramus* and *Thisby* meete by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone ſhine that night we play our play?

Bot.